

Mann's Chinese Theater, Los Angeles, November 8, 1957

NOSFERATU RISING

i.

Pale in the dawn, more corpse than corpuscle,
vampyr, strigoi, the gaze of a winter tree, lonely
and enervated on the hillside, fixed unblinking
on the fallen leaves beneath it, branches of long
pointed nails, the eeriness of eternal life sapped
by the rising sun, we fear your enigma, your life
out of chime, here and not here, dead but not gone,
turning touch into terror, taste into honey slicked
up on bare veins, sight into peerings of the hungriest
wolves, smell into blood maps sniffed out of the air.

ii.

Stalking dusks of our suns in your coffin of thought,
you signal your prey from windows gone dark,
whispering the lie that death is itself enrapturing
song, voluptuous experience on the edges of breath,
not really decay cross-hatched in a kiss, for old
that grows young with the bounties of flesh,
for makers and keepers of time out of synch,
the worst of all hailers in the tarpits of death,
condemned for all time to share in this feast,
this seductive ascension of harm laced with lust.

iii.

But for your wet dreams you rise dry with the night,
silhouette slicing at the ring of the moon, cursing
snow for its color, its purity and light, life for its
brightness and bastions of truth, you call minions
to follow your howling from hell, declaring
and swearing on the chill of Novembers
that nothing will change, not now and not ever,
for you are still Nosferatu, disquieter of hearts,
arch prince of wounding, thirst quencher of death,
bloodroot and king of all evil in the evil undead.